

HALESIADOS.

32

A  
MESSAGE

FROM THE

NORMANS,

TO THE

GENERALL of the *Kentish* Forces.

WITH

The GENERALLS Answer to the  
NORMANS Letter.

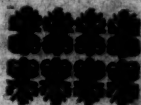
Also two State-Pasquils,

- { 1. *The Independent Suspended.*  
2. *The Leveller Listed.*

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*Famam spectate parentum.*

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Printed in the Yeare, 1648.

UNIVERSITY

A

M E S S A G E

FROM THE

W O R M A N S

TO THE

GENERAL OF THE KINGS TROOP

W A T H

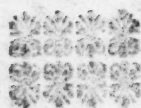
The General's Answer to the

N O R M A N S L E T T E R

Alone since 1848

St. The Independent suspended.  
St. The Reveller Lister.

— I have printed permission —



Printed in the Year 1848.



# HALESIA DOS.

## *A Message from the Normans, to the Generall of the Kentish Forces.*

**W**onder not *Albion*, that these lines are sent  
From th' *Norman Duke* to th' *Generall* of *Kent*.  
For wee'r concern'd i'th' quarrell you are in,  
And must expect you be what you have been  
Victorious Champions: as, to give your due,  
You shew'd your selves when we invaded you.  
Your hearts, no doubt, are same, brave *Kentish-men*,  
Fighting for that which you pretended then,  
Your Liberties, Laws, Priviledges, Rights,  
All which you gain'd in being Opposites  
To our time-memoriz'd Progenitour.  
Whose valiant hand spred his Commanding Power  
O're all the *British Ile* to *Thames* fam'd flood,  
And by you onely in his march withstood.

Shall those victorious State-triumphant Bayes  
Which deckt your Phanes & Temples in those dayes,  
From you receive their *Winter*: and decline  
Through your remifnesse in this feverish time?  
Have you no minde to vindicate your wronges,  
Which shrilly Eccho with as many tongues  
As there be Nations? If your easie rage  
Be so soon calm'd, why did ye first engage  
Your *County* in this action: or foreflew  
Th' pursuit of that which ye resolv'd to doe?  
When th' Actor's on a Stage, he must not start,  
His reputation prompts him to his Part.  
And tell us, are ye not in self-same sphere  
Of active worth and resolution here?

Are not the Eyes of all *Spectators* on you,  
 Wishing you may performe what do's become you?  
 And will ye make retrait, when you may wing  
 Your fame, and right a State-devest'd King?  
 Is this the *Copy* which your valours shew  
 To other parts in imitating you?  
 But you will say, " There's not a helping hand  
 " That would supply our breach, were we at stand :  
 " All's out of joynt : the fabrick of our State  
 " Findes onely fuel to a Civill hate.  
 " The *People* strive to please the *Consuls* will,  
 " The *Consuls* in their *Synods* act what's ill :  
 " The *City* times it ; cares not who's oppress'd  
 " So she may eye her private interest.

Admit all these ; you have a free-borne State,  
 Which were no County your Associate,  
 If ye reteine your valour, can oppose  
 Th' insulting braves, & such licentious foes  
 Who forrage on your fortunes : and would eat  
 The labours of your hands for which ye sweat.  
 These came not to you, as we came to treat,  
 Or to debate, but violently beat,  
 And with their vaunts amate your Countrey Bores  
 By acting Execution at their doors.

Where be those *Legats* which ye sometimes sent  
 Unto our Army from the *Wilde* of *Kent* ?  
 These sleighted our *Proposals*, and would pledge  
 Their lives before they lost their priviledge.  
 These could contest before by spritely power  
 With Brittain's sole subduing Conquerour,  
 And stand upon their tearms, till they had got  
 That *Grant* which other Counties purchas'd not.  
 Nought could decline their aimes : — and is it just  
 Such valiant Spirits now should sleep in dust,  
 And lose their memory unto your shame,  
 Whose actions gave your County life and fame ?  
 Who could endure to see an ancient Shrine  
 Rear'd to preserve the honour of his line,

And

And spreading family, to rubbish dash'd,  
 And not remember th' ashes that were plac'd  
 In that obsequious Urne ? — The Case is yours :  
 Those who deriv'd their Liberties from ours ;  
 Those who dis-valued popular command,  
 And would be free-indeniz'd in a Land  
 Subject to servile awe, lie there among you ;  
 Would ye then know by us what does become you ?  
 Preserve their fames ; let not a matchlesse State  
 By spurious blood become degenerate.  
 Let those rich monumentall Columns bear  
 The Names of those for which they mounted were :  
 And in their *Modells*, represent them too  
 In acting those atchievements they would doe.  
 Now, should you answer, that you have not cause  
 To fight as they did, since ye have your Laws  
 And Liberties confirm'd : nor ought denide  
 That might by Law of Armes be rectifide :  
 Hear your *incens'd friends* : — what can be free  
 Before an *Independent* Enemie ?  
 When *Soveraignties* contemn'd, the *Law* abus'd,  
 And *Senatours* just for their purpose chus'd ;  
 When *Arms* make *Laws* : — nay, when *Astraea* scat  
 Such *Centaur*s and such *Lapins* beger,  
 As th' *HALL* where *JUSTICE* sometimes sat aray'd  
 In purple, now's a *SANGUINE SHAMBLES* made  
 Begor'd with Christian blond ; that 't may appear  
 Justice has nought but *Swords* to manage there.  
 What canst thou challenge for thy self, brave *Kent*,  
 But that thou hast so many ages spent  
 In the fruition of thy *Libertie*,  
 But now ore-aw'd by lawlesse tyrannie ?  
 What a poor honour is't for man to say,  
 Once in my time I had a prosperous day ?  
 Nought to oppose my wishes ; all successie  
 To crown the Abstract of mine happinesse.  
 But Evning crowns the day : 'tis present state  
 Which humane frailty onely levells at :

Those glorious beames of his which shone so clear,  
 When they'r removed from his Hemispher,  
 And with a sable sullen Cloud impall'd,  
 How may those *wading rayes* of his be call'd  
 But *Lights* before his *Death*? Whose twinkling shiner  
 Conducts him in the *Exit* of his time,  
 And such are you; — for wherein could ye vant  
 That you *had* *freedom* other Counties want;  
 As for example, \* *Father goes to the bough,*  
*And's Son enjoys his State, and goes to the plough:*  
 With sundry other priviledged powers  
 Conferred on you by our *Ancestours*  
 When ye are stript of these, and made as *hakt*,  
 As if such Bounties ye had *no're* partakt  
 Now tell us, do you nor deserve the nooze  
 If what they go, your Cowardize shall lose?  
 Rouze up your Spirits then, and now prevent  
 This imputation to the *Will* of *Kent*,  
 Reteine your pillins prowff, and make good  
 That antient line all uncorrupted blood,  
 Which ye derive from them, *from whence ye came,*  
 And who have chalk'd the way to crown your fame.

But you will ask; how *let* that *Normans* are  
 So interested in their *Kentish* care  
 For shielding of the honour they have got?  
 Wee'l tell you, *Oh* *Normans*, if you know it not,  
 Ballance the scale aright, and your confesse  
 That we, in our concerns can doe no lesse  
 Ye, for an Impreze on your parcell see  
 That *Kentishmen* were never conquer'd yet  
 Nay, that ye conquer'd us, when we did shew  
 Our Sovereignty o're all your life save you  
 And will you now that Badge of Honour lose  
 By yeelding up the buckler unto those  
 Who are of such contemptible race  
 They dare not look a *Norman* in the face?  
 How may this correspond with valour, say,  
 You to quell us, who are more stout then they

\* The Son no  
 loser by his Fa-  
 thers attain-  
 ture.



whom yee'r crush'd ? For tell us, are not these  
 Whom ye give way to plunder where they please ;  
 Souldiers of fortune, and the dregs oth' Land,  
 Who would for pay be at the *Turks* command ?  
 And must this *Hand-full* put brave *Kent* to th' rout,  
 Who should they fall have small hope to recruite ?  
 Must these their Orange-colour Ensigns reare  
 Before your *Maid-stone* and your *Rochester*  
 With a victorious Entry and Surprize ?  
 Can *Normans* hear this, think you, with dry eyes ?  
 For if the issue of these Acts prove true,  
 We were but Cowards to *subscribe* to you.

But we'l renue no wounds ; wee'l only make  
 This Application ; as your fames at stake  
 It is too rich a gage for you to lose,  
 Or prostitute to such inferiour foes.  
 Be your selves still : let's hear by next report  
 There's not a Town, Grainge, Citadell nor Fort  
 Your sword has not regain'd. — By sacred Powers,  
 Those precious ashes of your *Ancestours*,  
 Your glorious Conquests, and whatsoever is dear,  
 We do conjure you, like your selves appear  
 Death-sleighting *Kent* : this will make you great,  
 I'th' Court of Honour, and restore your Seat  
 To her proceeding fame : Our *Ears* and *Eyes*  
 Thirst after your succeeding Victories :  
 Crown our desires, so shall your actions bring  
 Fame to your selves, and freedom to your King :  
 And be such *pattern* unto others too,  
 As *Pious Zeal* may do the same you do.

Let's hear this from you, and wee'l ne're repent  
 Since *Kent* roles others, to be mil'd by *Kent*.

'Tis no dishonour, so our Stories shew,  
 To be subdued by them that can subdue.

The G E N E R A L L of Kent's Answer to the  
N O R M A N S Letter.

Yours we receiv'd ; and we confesse, we are  
Bound to your princely favours for your care  
Of our *succeeding honour* ; which shall be  
So fortifide with Subjects loyaltie,  
As no Rebelligious hand shall ere undo  
That loyall Contract wee'r obliged to.  
The Spirit of the *Camomile* is showne  
By rising higher when it is trod down :  
And *precious Odours* never smell so sweet  
As when they'r pounded : then they breath their heat  
And balmy liquor : — you, perchance, may hear  
That we have born as much as Men can bear ;  
Taxes and Onerous Levies, as if sense  
Had lost it self by Souldiers insolence.  
All this we grant : our State has been distrest ;  
Our wrongs petition'd ; but still unredrest ;  
With *gilded promises*, we oft were fed,  
And by *Committees* into error led :  
For when we hop'd they would our wrongs look o're,  
Our hopes grew weaker then they were before :  
Delayes spun our Conclusions, which wrought such  
Deep impression, as our County sought  
To right their wrongs, when *Justice* would not doe it,  
By force of Armes ; and so we flew unto it.  
But this induc'd us most : Some did complaine  
That diverse *just petitioners* were slaine  
Who came from *neighbouring Counties* for redresse,  
Which they conceiv'd would prove remedileffe  
Without the *Senats* order : but so farre  
Were they from help, as they commenc'd a warre  
Upon those *naked Plaintiffs*, who lay dead  
Even in that *Roome* where *Justice* us'd to tread,  
By *Military Cohorts*, who were sent  
To execute this tragicall Event.

This



This much inrag'd our Spirits : So as we  
 Presenting to our thoughts this injurie,  
 Or barbarous practise rather, we intended  
 To lose our lives, or have these errors mended.  
 Nor was our *Senate* slower in their care  
 To have their powerfull *Army* to prepare  
 To answer our *Petition* in the field,  
 The onely choice Receipt (for so they held)  
 Apt to deterre *Petitioners* hereafter  
 By this presentment of a *Kentish* slaughter.

Now you expect th' Event 'twixt us and them,  
 And you shall have 't with an impartiall pen  
 Portray'd to life : For we do scorne our tongue  
 Should right our valour, and doe truth a wrong.  
 Chusing our ground, and our Battalia set  
 Chearfull as if we at a Banket met,  
 Some for a *Treaty* look't, but they spake higher,  
 The *Generall* commanded to give fire :  
 Nor was this Charge unanswer'd to our foes,  
 Shot answers Shot, and Blowes encounter Blowes.  
 But to joyn issue, we will here divide  
 Those losses that occurr'd to either side.  
 'Tis true, that we have lost two of our Towns  
 By the remifnesse of unmannag'd Clowns ;  
 Who would no long time Martiall Order keep,  
 Left by their absence they might lose a sheep ;  
 For this *Plebeian* *Heard* is such a Beast  
 It ever tenders private interest :  
 His way is how he may some profit win,  
 A Crown at stake is nothing unto him.  
 But in our losse and theirs the Stories erre,  
 For though they took *Maidstone* and *Rocheſter*,  
 There was no breach but sealed with their blood,  
 All which our Foes have lately understood ;  
 For we beleave, they'l scarce, for all their boast,  
 Recrute so many as their Conquest lost.  
 Five hundred Foot, we know lie buried there  
 Under those ruines : neither doe we fear

The Remnant of their Army : Well we know  
 When Forces are at height, they must grow low  
 And feel their degradation : — When the Sun  
 To th' highest period his Carriere hath run,  
 He suffers a decline : his shade contracts :  
 Part of his former rigour too he lacks.  
 So Lakes and Moats dry up that have no Spring,  
 So all unbounded Powers that want a King :  
 So Trees grow haplesse, when they drop their fruite ;  
 So Armies hopelesse, when they want recrute.

Some of their Party (peradventure) scoffe,  
 And say, we came far better on then off :  
 But when they play their Cards (as they must play)  
 They'l grant we came far better off then they.

Our Body holds compleat, prompt to receive  
 Active Commands when they occasion have :  
 But theirs are so disheartned of late,  
 Through want of present pay, and peoples hate,  
 For though each man may have five shillings pay  
 (Auxiliar's we mean) for every day,  
 Scarce one of *five*, they were discourag'd so,  
 Will march one foot, but *run* before they go.  
 There are indeed, some Senat favorites,  
 Who in these Stories of our age delights :  
 And these will tell you, how our *Maidstone* wives  
 Preferr'd the *Publick good* before their lives.  
 How they imbrude their hands in Husbands blood,  
 Because the *Saints* were by their force withstood.  
 But there's small truth in this: these wives through fear  
 Might pull their Husbands back, or shed a tear,  
 Or beg a peace : — (--- no Amazonian time  
 For femal Spirits to be masculine !)  
 But to imbrue their hands i'th blood of men  
 Is a meere fiction, odious to our pen.  
 They speak the like, would credulous ears believe them,  
 Or for authentick histories receive them,  
 That when they were at *Maidstone* Conquerers,  
 They took in *Kent* two thousand Prisoners.

But what were these ? Infants that hung at th' teat,  
 Old men, whose toothlesse age requir'd chew'd meat ;  
 Weak helplesse women, Criples, and such like,  
 Who wanted strength to stand, much more to strike ;  
 These were those Conquer'd captives which they took,  
 To be registred in *Primaleons* Book.

And yet these Booties, to increase the wonder, .  
 Put them together, fall short of their number.

Now to your princely self : — 'tis your desire  
 That *Kentish* Spirits should reteine that fire  
 Which our *Progenitours* did sometimes shew  
 When they receiv'd their *Liberties* from you.  
 Let not your *HIGHNESSE* doubt on't ; wee'r the men  
 Both for our hearts and hands, that we were then.  
 Our *GENERAL* like *haile* will fall upon them,  
 And crush those Foes to dust that sought to wrong them :  
 Hee'l pound to powder these rebellious Slaves,  
 And cause the *Furies* caper o're their Graves.  
 Their late proscribed *Lords* call'd home againe  
 Must not secure their *House* : *SAY'S* Plots are vaine.  
 Nay, should they all those rotten *Imps* restore,  
 Wee'd grapple with them at their *Sennas* door.  
 Patience abus'd is boundlesse fury made,  
 We finde by whom our Country was beraid.  
 To chastice these, our forces have decreed  
 To Sacrifice their *Blood* to right their *Head*.  
 If we turn tail, and not our State deliver,  
 May long-tail'd *Kentists* be castir'd for ever :  
 If time-succeeding Annals shew not these,  
 Wee'l forfeit Charter of our Liberties.

Mean time suspend your judgement : and reteine  
 Opinion of us, as our Actions gaine :  
 And if we prove same men we were before,  
 Hold us *true Kentish* : we doe crave no more.

## The Independent Suspended.

Referring to  
the Sacriledge  
lately committed  
at S. Giles  
Church i'th  
Fields.

**S**aint Giles, though such as here reteine thy Name,  
Have got into the Proverb to be lame :  
Thy swift pursuing feet must not be so,  
In the revenge of a licentious foe ;  
Lest Independents Act of Priviledge  
Commit upon thy Temple Sacriledge,  
But some will say, that Act's mis-understood,  
Whats'ere they did, was for the Churches good.  
O no ! This Crime must aggravate our grieves,  
To see the House of Prayer a prey for thieves.  
If this continue, our imperious foes  
May pitch on Tiburne for their Rendezvanze.

## The Leveller Listed.

**Y**ou, Sir, who from a pure pretensive zeale  
Observe the Rule of Plato's Common-weale ;  
Who would have all in Common ; not for love  
But Envy, seeing others rankt above  
And you below. — Nor is it onely state  
That your Anarchiall Modell levells at.  
Blood mixt with blood : wound parallel'd with wound,  
Priority laid levell with the ground.  
Listed in these designs you strive to be,  
And so you may : We hear from Tartarie  
How Prince and People are at great debate  
Bout their precedent quality of State ;  
For this SUPREMACY does so much move them,  
They'l scarce endure Heav'n to be shew'd above them.  
Imbark you in this Action, and be gone ;  
Leave us alone, and we shall live in one.  
Charon the Tartars Ferriman's a shore,  
And waited long to waft your Worship o're.  
If you recoil ; let Brandon have a care  
To nooze your levell betwixt earth and aire.

FINIS.